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THE
ANTIQUARIAN SCHOOL:

OR

The CITY LATIN Electrified.

A

BALLAD.

Dedicated by Permission to Sir NICHOLAS NEMO, Knt.

BY

ERASMUS HEARNE, A. M. F. A. S.

As in præfati —————

LILLY'S Grammar.



L O N D O N :

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THE
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I.

YE good Men of *London!* attend to my Song,
Which some may think right, and others think wrong;
Some may think it too long, and others too short,
'Tis hard to please all, you may take my Word for't.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

While some chaunt the Praises of *Sam*, the Esquire,
Who mounted on *Minor* appears a *Foot* higher;
Some of *Shandy* or *Squintum*, true Sons of the Church,
I'll sing the Adventures of brave Doctor *Birch*;

Derry down, &c.

III.

Busby Birch, true Descendent of *Busby* the Great,
A Flogster most famous Historians relate;
But his Fame when compar'd with our Hero's but small,
For this *Antiquarie* has flogged ye all.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

But should it be ask'd on what Ground or Pretence,
Or what gave the Doctor so grievous Offence?
Why, good Sirs! the *City* inscribed a Stone
To the Honour of *Pitt*, at the same Time their own.

Derry down, &c.

V

And the Doctor insists that the City's disgrac'd,
By this *Latin* Inscription without *Roman* Taste;
That the *Anglicisms* in it are greatly absurd,
For *ultimo Die*, *postremo's* the Word.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

Poor *Auspicatissimo* will not go down,
But *Optimo* surely will please all the Town;
Like a Picture I've seen that's not ill express'd,
Where a *ma* put for *mo*, and it stands for the *best*.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

The *jam ineunte* he needless will have,
And thinks it but right all that Trouble to save;
'Twould have been as well said, nay, the Doctor believe,
That C - - - y the Mayor was just taking his Leave.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

The Doctor then lashes Monosyllable *in*,
Apply'd thus he deems it a capital Sin;
Then cries in a Rage, take up little *Tum*,
You've no Business here, Sir, I'll well jerk your Bum.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

His Cholar abating, he alter'd his Strain,
Oft smoothing his Brow in a jocular vein;
Then laughed so hearty his Sides e'en did crack,
See! see! how they run with the *Bridge* on their Back.

Derry down, &c.

X.

But puzzl'd again, could not make it appear
Whose *voluntas* it was, nor indeed is it clear;
Still his Face wore a Smile, till he cast his Eye down,
Spying *Contagione*, oh! how he did frown!

Derry down, &c.

XI.

Contagio, contactus, contangere, et
Thus work'd himself up in a wonderful Pet;
Sir *Contagion*! quoth he, I'll make you to know,
To know, aye, and taste, Sir, my *Birch* e're you go.

Derry down, &c.

XII.

What a Group of hard Names here together is hurld!
Which plain simple Folks are apt to call *World*;
O! how I could wish little *Suæ* was here,
Which *patriæ* was meant, then the Case wou'd be clear.

Derry down, &c.

XIII.

But ah! what a Pity, disastrous to tell!
In the room of P. A. C. C. F. L. Q. L.
Civès Londinenses are plac'd in their stead,
Meer meer Dunces all, in Antiques no ways read.

Derry down, &c.

XIV.

For if they'd known better, instead of a *Pitt*,
The Name latiniz'd, they a *Fossa* had writ;
Guil. Fossæ. is *Roman*, *Guil. Fossæ.*'s the Thing,
And *Pater. Patriæ.* sounds greater than King.

Derry down, &c.

XV.

Now ending my Song in the Language of *France*,
With fam'd *Edward*'s Motto, *boni soit qu' mal pense*;
A mere Trifle this, some few Moments to kill,
Dear Doctor! don't flog me for writing so ill.

F I N I S.

